British Packet AND ARGENTINE NEWS.

N°. 710.] BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, MARCH 28. 1840. [Vol. XIV.

BUENOS AYRES.

Buenos Ayres, March 14th, 1840.
31st year of the Liberty, 25th of the Independence,
And 11th of the Argentine Confederation.

The Citizen Brigadier General Juan Manuel de Rosas.

To the Hon. House of Representatives.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges the high honor which the Honorable Representation of the Province has deigned to confer upon him, in re-electing him by unanimous acclamation, Governor and Captain General of the Province. He is penetrated with an indefinable emotion of gratitude. The law of the 5th inst., contains a suffrage for him the most august and cordially impressive. In dispensing to him an immense confidence, he conceives that his countrymen, and the organs of the sovereign and free will of the Province, have desired to favor him with a supreme recompense. That is the only one he could desire after the sentence which Divine Providence in the arcana of its eternal justice will pass upon the acts of his public life.

He would be acting in contradiction to the pure sentiment of his conscience, if he should take counsel only of his ardent gratitude, when it is not possible for him to prolong the protracted and painful career of his sacrifices. If in the afflicted situation of the Republic, and in its great emergencies it was his duty to submit to an immense responsibility; now that they have in a great measure disappeared; now that the path which leads to its salvation is clear; now that no administration can deviate from it without reducing the Republic to glorious ruins; now that the undersigned has faithfully fulfilled the term of his compromise, he implores the repose which domestic calamities require.—Allow him, Hon. Representatives, to mitigate them, contemplating from his retirement the pleasing picture of the honor of the Republic, and of its triumphant liberty gloriously defended. The country ought to rejoice, and the elected of the Province to be gratified, that there are citizens who are capable of directing its destinies, sustaining its laurels and fulfilling its hopes. With this natural conviction, the undersigned repeats with the most profound respect the abiding wish which he expressed at the termination of his message. He reminded you then of the hundred days which remained for the termination of his legal period of office, the urgent necessity for the Representatives to proceed to elect the person to succeed him, and to provide the indispensable resources for the administrative career. Two months have elapsed since this manifestation; and for the interest of the public cause, the undersigned begs to reiterate his determination, recommending to the Representatives an affair of so much importance, which has not yet been considered in their wise and honorable deliberations.

The undersigned knows and feels written on his American heart, that which behoves him as an Argentine, born on the continent of America. His duty is to sacrifice himself and to die by the side of his countrymen for the noble cause of Liberty. He has offered his property, his life, and likewise his fame, for the defence of the National American cause, and against the deserters from it, the odious, loathsome unitarians. There is nothing that can deter him from the fulfilment of this duty, as the Representatives understand and can duly appreciate the true import of the sacrifice of fame when the liberty of the country requires it.

The undersigned fervently adhering to the principles which regulate his conduct on this point, and to the imperious demands of his wearied days, terminates this sincere expression of his most ardent sentiments, supplicating in the most urgent and humble manner, that your Hon. House will without delay elect the person to succeed him in the supreme command of the Province, and provide the resources upon which the subsequent administra ion may rely.

God preserve your Hon. House many years.

JUAN MANUEL DE ROSAS.

Buenos Ayres, March 19th, 1840.
31st year of the Liberty, 25th of the Independence,
And 11th of the Argentine Confederation

The Hon. House of Representatives.

To H. E. the Governor and Captain General of the Province, Illustrious Restorer of the Laws, Brigadier General Juan Manuel de Rosas.

The House of Representatives has attentively considered the distinguished note of Y. E. of the 14th inst., &c. &c.

The representation of the people deeply regret that they cannot offer to Y. E. those great consolations which your severe and repeated domestic calamities need: they appertain to, and may be confidently expected from Divine Providence, who in its unbounded mercy, never abandons its creatures to interminable misfortune.

The House highly sensible of the talent and wisdom with which Y. E. in the period of your command has marked the path, which must necessarily conduct the Republic to its high prosperity, do not dread the triumph of its enemies; it hopes every thing from the justice of the sacred cause of the country and from the valour and fidelity of its army, which under the able direction of Y. E. has known how to acquire imperishable glory.

The Representatives of the people who on this occasion have only ratified the universal wish of the Province, would take upon themselves an unlimited responsibility, and betray their conscience, if overcome by their just deference to Y. E. and their desire to gratify you, they should consent to admit your resignation.—With Y. E. it rests to terminate the work which you have so nobly commenced; to sustain and consolidate laws, which you have so heroically restored, persuaded that whilst the brutal and fatal unitarian band acting against the country and its salvation remain in an hostile attitude, the ardent patriotism of Y. E. cannot refuse a continuance of the great sacrifices which you incessantly make for the liberty of the country which gave you birth.

The Representatives of the Province who will be indefatigable in facilitating resources to remove the obstacles which may oppose the march of the government, confidently expect that the illustrious Restorer of the Laws, by resigning himself to that which the law of 5th March prescribes, and principally to the high designs of Providence clearly manifested in the great events which fill the glorious pages of the history of the administration of Y. E., will afford them the pleasure of offering you the unanimous homage and the profound adknowledgment of the people whom they have the honor to represent.

God preserve Y. E. many years.

(The President of the House.)

Miguel Garcia.

(The Secretary.)

Manuel de Irigoyen.

House of Representatives of the Province.

The *Gaceta* of Thursday last, contains the proceedings in the House on its sitting of 17th inst., at which the note of H. E. the Governor dated 14th, declining office, was read. After the reading thereof, Señor Irigoyen moved that it be referred to a special Committee, which was seconded by Señor Mansilla, who observed that 24 hours would be sufficient to discuss the affair and form an answer to the note, aware as all must be of the sentiments of the House in this respect, as well as those of all the Province.

The motion was then agreed to, and the President named Señores Pedro Medrano, Campana, Saenz Peña, Torres, and Argerich, as the special Committee.

Petitions were read from the Departments of Ensenada and Lujan, the former signed by 256 citizens, the latter by 460, praying the House to re-elect General Rosas, as Governor and Captain General of the Province, and to invest him with extraordinary powers for the term of 5 years. These petitions were ordered to be deposited with other similar ones in the Secretary's office.

A note was read from Señor José Maria Ezcurra, requesting leave of absence from the House for 3 months, which was granted.

The following project presented by the Committee of Finance was taken into consideration.

Art. 1.—The impost of the *Contribucion Directa*, shall in the present year 1840, be on the same scale and subject to the same regulations as in the year 1839.

2.—An account must be rendered to the Collector General, in 15 days for the city and 30 for the country, of all capitals transferred since the regulation of last year, in order that the correspondent reductions and additions may take place.

After a few words from Señor Lahitte, the project was agreed to.

A note was read from Señor Rojas, soliciting for the third time permission to resign his seat in the House.

Señor Lahitte, said that the House had heretofore voted that the reasons assigned by Señor Rojas were insufficient for it to agree to the resignation he had tendered, and as he had not on the present occasion advanced more forcible ones, the House could not consistent with its dignity admit the solicitation of the hon. member. It would be unworthy of the House to enter into an individual controversy upon the subject, or to permit that any one should occupy a seat in it after coercive measures had been adopted to bring him to a sense of his public duty. Señor Lahitte therefore proposed that the House not admitting the resignation made by Señor Rojas, should declare his seat vacant, and order that another citizen be elected in his stead.

Señor Baldomero Garcia, proposed that the question be passed to a Committee; which proposition after a few words from Señor Argerich and a reply from Señor Lahitte was agreed to.

The Weather has been variable this week. The thermometer on Saturday and Sunday was bordering on 80—since which it has been about 70, except yesterday morning, when a *pampero* wind caused a declination to 60. This month has been remarkable for the prevalence of northerly winds.

Captain Marryat, has commenced a new work, called "Poor Jack," with illustrations by Clarkson Stanfield, R. A. It is to be published in monthly numbers, price 1s. each. We have received the 1st number, which contains 4 plates. Some of the London Critics seem to think that 'Poor Jack' will rival "Peter Simple." The following is an extract from the first number.

"I beg pardon, messmate," said Ben, as he and my father became more sociable; "but may I make so bold as to ask you how you contrived to get that seam across your figure head? You did say something about a Frenchman, if I heard right; and as the war is now of two years' standing, I suppose you've had a rap or two at Mounseer."

"'Xpect I have," replied my father. "Well, old chap, I'll just wet my whistle, and then I'll tell you all about it,—and it won't take long neither. The boat were ordered away ——"

"Of what ship, messmate?"

"Very true, I began in the middle. Well, it was in the ship I now belongs to, the 'Oudacious'—we were with the squadron off Ferrol; signal made to chase south-east—clapt every stitch on her after two gun-boats, who were running down in-shore. Light winds—got well in for the land, and then it fell calm. Gun-boats four miles off, using their sweeps—out boats in chase,—I was coxswain of the first pinnace,—a devilish fast boat, messmate, I can tell you, with a smart brass gun,—pulled two feet to their one, and came up with them hand-over-hand—both cutters and the other pinnace well up with us—the old launch, half a mile astern. Now you see, sir, I've got the picture for you, havn't I?"

"Just exactly," replied old Ben.

"Well, then, it was a long pull; and that reminds me that I'll have a long pull now, so hand me the porter, messmate." My father took a tremendous long pull at the porter, and then handing it to Ben, he recommenced.

"We were soon within gun-shot; and they turned their heads towards us, and blazed away: very pretty shot they fired, for they cut away three of our starboard oars, before we were near enough to return the fire with our small gun. However, the second pinnace and cutters came up, and shared the shot with us; and at last the old fat launch came grunting along, for all the world like an old boar, pitching into them round and grape. Now the first lieutenant was in the launch, and, of course, commanded, and he ordered the boats to separate more, which was very right, as it divided the shot; and then he passed the word that when he sounded the bugle, we were all to pull to the headmost gun-boat and board her. D'ye understand, messmate?"

"Perfectly," replied Ben, taking his pipe out to reply.

"Well, then, just hand me the pot." My father drained it this time, and told me to go for another.

"Then I shall lose the story," replied I.

"No, boy, you won't," replied Ben; "I'll answer for it your father will heave-to till you come back."

"So I will, Jack," replied my father; and having with every expedition executed my task, my father then continued—

"Well, there we all were, waiting for the bugle, each boat creeping on a little every moment, so as to have a fair start, as they do in a race; when at last the signal was given, and away we all went like smoke, with our oars bending double. The first pinnace reached the gun-boat first; then the cutters banged alongside of her,—all three of us to windward,—while the second pinnace and launch took her to leeward. There's not much climbing in getting on board of a gun-boat; indeed, we were at it before we were out of the boat, for the Frenchmen had pikes as long as the spanker boom; but we soon got inside of their points, and came to close work. They stood a good tustle, I will say that, and so they always do; we may laugh at 'em, and call 'em Johnny Crapows, but they are a right brave nation, if they ar'n't good seamen; but that I reckon's the fault of their lingo, for it's too noisy to carry on duty well with, and so they never will be sailors till they larn English."

"I never heard them carry on duty in French," said Ben; "it quite beats my comprehension how they can do it at all."

"Well, I have," replied my father; "and every word they use is as long as the main-top bowling; and the mast is over the side before they can get them out. Why, would you believe it? I once asked one of those fellows what he called the fore-mast in his language; and what d'ye think he said? Why, I'm blowed if he didn't call it a '*Mar-darty-marng*' (and that's the only bit of French I know); but how is it possible to work a ship in such gibberish?"

"Quite unpossible," replied Ben.

"Well, as I've yawed a little out of my course, suppose we have another swig before I take a fresh departure?"

After they had both drank, my father proceeded—

"Well, messmate, I was on the gunnel as soon as the others; and a sword came down upon me like a flash of lightning. I had just time to lift my cutlass, and save my head; and then I found that it was the sword of the French lieutenant, who commanded the gun-boat. He was a tall, clean built chap, with curls hanging down like a poodle dog's—every curl not thicker than a rope yarn, and mayhap a thousand of them,—and he quite foamed at the mouth; (that's another fault in these Frenchmen,—they don't take things coolly, but puts themselves in a passion about nothing;) so thinks I to myself, it won't do for you to go on chopping at that rate; for when I fended off, he made my whole had tingle with the force of his blow; so I darts at him, and drives the hilt of my cutlass right into his mouth; and he fell, and his own men trod him under foot; and on we went, hammer and tongs. By this time the boarding of the launch and pinnace to leeward, for they could could not get up as soon as we did, created a diversion, and bothered the Frenchman, who hardly knew which way to turn: however, as there were more of our men on the other side, they most on 'em faced about; and the French officer was then able to get on his knees again; and while I was busy, and did not see him, he just give me this cut across the figure-head, which don't add to my beauty any how. Well, it was cut for cut, messmate; I just took one look at the beggar, and I drove my cutlass into his skull, just as he was rising up; and he never rose again.—That's my story."

"I suppose you took the craft?"

"Yes; and her consort too. But many lost the number of their mess; and I lost all my beauty.—Just hand me the 'baccy, messmate; and, Jack, go for the next pot of beer."

Extracts from a work called Hungary and Transylvania. By John Paget, Esq.

English Literature in Hungary.—"While we were waiting for fresh horses before the little '*Juden knipe*,'—for by this contemptuous epithet, answering to 'Jew's pot-house,' Stephan always designated an inn kept by a Jew,—at the station next Tyerhova, one of the tribe of Israel came up and asked us if we would like to see some curious rocks, only a quarter of an hour from the village. As we followed him to the spot, he asked those questions, as to where we came from, what we were doing, and whither we were going, so common in most countries except our own, where they are avoided, as though every one was doing something of which he was ashamed, and which he desired to conceal. On hearing that we were English, he asked very earnestly if one Walter Scott was yet living, and expressed the greatest regret when he learnt his death. Surprised at such a sentiment from such a man, and suspecting some mistake, I inquired what he knew of Scott, when he pulled from his pocket a well-thumbed German translation of 'Ivanhoe,'—the very romance of persecuted Judaism,—and assured me he had read that and many others of his works with great pleasure. I do not know that I ever felt more strongly the universal power of genius than when I found the bard of Scotland worshipped by a poor Jew in the mountains of Hungary. Is is astonishing to an Englishman, who knows how ignorant even well-informed persons of his own country are of the literature and politics of a great part of the Continent, to find the names of the best authors of England familiar as household words among nations of whose very existence the greater part of that country is scarcely aware. In Hungary, this fact struck me with more force even than in Germany, though the taste for English literature is there immeasurably more advanced than in France or Italy. But the Hungarians, with very little literature of their own, and generally possessing a knowledge of several foreign languages, are not entirely thrown on the resources of others for their mental food, but are thus eminently well provided with the means of enjoying it. In many cases I have found the originals in English, but in general they are read in excellent German translations. With what ecstatic pleasure have they told me of the new light which English literature opened to them! With what admiration have they spoken of the strong and vigorous train of thought which pervades our authors—of that scrupulous decency which they observe—of that warm love of nature they express—and of the universal respect in which religion is upheld by them! A great cause of this extension of English literature has been the judicious selection and the cheap form in which Galignani and other foreign booksellers have published the standard English works; and, however disadvantageous this traffic may have been to the pockets of British authors, I am quite sure it has been a very important means in establishing and diffusing their own and their country's reputation. Shakspere, Byron, Scott, and Bulwer, are the names best known; and though it may startle the English reader to find the name of a living candidate for fame ranked so high among these immortal dead, yet it must be confessed that the reading Continent has generally placed him there.—Whether the English public will confirm the award when time shall have removed the clouds of party prejudice and personal pique which so often obscure our judgment of living genius, I dare not venture to conjecture."

In the Memoirs of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, recently published, are the following interesting details of his escape from prison in Paris.

The plan was simple, and could not but be effective, if wisely conducted. It was merely, by properly forged official documents, to order the removal of the prisoner to another place of confinement, and, in the suppositious transit, to convey him first to a place of safety, from whence he might ultimately make his escape. A French gentleman, enthusiastically attached to the royal cause, a M. de Phélypeaux, whom the reader will again meet in these memoirs, was the author of this scheme. As he was a gentleman not only distinguished by generosity, but by acumen in judgment and activity in conduct, the execution of the project was cheerfully confided to him. The order for removal having been accurately imitated, and, by means of a bribe, the real stamp of the minister's signature having been procured, nothing remained but to find men bold and trustworthy enough to simulate the necessary characters that should be employed to effect the removal. Mr. Phélypeaux and Charles l'Oiseau would have eagerly undertaken this part of the stratagem also, but both being well known, and even notorious at the Temple, it was absolutely necessary to employ others. Messrs. B—— and L——therefore, both persons of tried courage, accepted the office with pleasure and alacrity.

With this forged order they boldly came to the Temple, M. B—— in the disguise of an adjutant, and M. L—— as an officer. They presented their order, which the keeper having perused, and of which he carefully examined the seal and the minister's signature, he went into another room, leaving the two gentlemen in the most cruel suspense. After a considerable time, which anxiety increased into hours, he returned, accompanied by the gréffier or register of the prison, and ordered Sir Sidney to be sent for. When the gréffier informed the prisoner of the order of the Directory, Sir Sidney pretended to be much concerned at it, as it appeared to him to argue further prosecutions on their part. Hearing this, the adjutant assured him in the most serious manner, that "the government were very far from intending to aggravate his misfortunes, and that he would be very comfortable in the place to which he was ordered to conduct him." After this farcical exhibition, the commodore expressed his gratitude to all the servants employed about the pri-

son, and then, with a very commendable despatch, he commenced packing up his clothes.

On his return, all ready for the approaching liberty, the gréffier remarked that, at least six men from the guard must accompany the prisoner; with which precaution the *soi-disant* adjutant coincided, and, without the least appearance of confusion, ordered them immediately to be called out. No sooner, however, had he given these orders, than he seemed on a sudden, to have called to his mind the law of chivalry and of honour; so turning abruptly to Sir Sidney, he thus addressed him: "Commodore, you are an officer—I am an officer also. Your parole will be sufficient. Give me but that, and I have no need of an escort."

"Sir," replied the prisoner, "if that is sufficient, I swear on the faith of an officer to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me."

Every one applauded these noble sentiments; and the only hardship that Sir Sidney felt in doing them sufficient justice, was in the difficulty that he found in suppressing his laughter. The keeper now asked for a discharge, and the gréffier, handing the book to M. B——, he boldly signed it, with an imposing flourish, "L'Oger, adjutant-general."

During these proceedings, Sir Sidney occupied the attention of the turnkeys with praises for their politeness and urbanity, and loaded them with favours, in order that they might have no leisure for reflection. The precaution seemed to be wholly needless, as they appeared to be thinking of nothing but their own advantage.

At last these tedious ceremonies were ended, and the gréffier and the governor accompanied the party as far as the second court; and their suspense was nearly at an end when they found the external gate opened to them, through which, after a tantalising exchange of punctilio and politeness, they finally and joyfully passed, and had the extreme consolation of hearing it bolted behind them.

They instantly entered a hackney coach, and the adjutant ordered the coachman to drive to the suburb of St. Germain. But this fellow, either from his natural stupidity, or from some little plot of extortion, drove his vehicle, before he had proceeded one hundred yards, against a post, broke his wheel, and injured an unfortunate passenger. This *contre-tems* immediately collected a demonstration of the sovereign people in the shape of an angry crowd, who were exasperated at the injury the poor fellow had sustained from the misconduct of the coachman. The mob, at this time, was not to be despised; so Sir Sidney and his friends, taking their portmanteaus in their hands, went off in an instant.

Though they were much noticed by the people, the mob, for once, acted justly, confining themselves to the office of abusing the coachman. Notwithstanding this fracas, before the party could make off, the driver became clamorous for his fare, when W——, through an inadvertency that might have compromised the safety of them all, gave the fellow a double *louis d'or*. Luckily this had no ill effects.

Directly that they quitted the carriage, they separated, and Sir Sidney Smith arrived at the rendezvous, accompanied only by his secretary and M. Phélypeaux, the last mentioned gentleman having joined them near the prison.—Though our officer was most anxious to wait for his two friends, in order to thank and to take his leave of them, M. de Phélypeaux maintained that there was not a moment to be lost. He was, therefore, obliged to defer the expression of his gratitude until fortune should offer him a better opportunity, and they immediately departed for Rouen, at which place a gentleman had made every preparation for their reception.

At Rouen, they were obliged to remain several days; but as their passports were perfectly regular, they did not take much care to conceal themselves, for in the evenings they walked about the town, or took the air on the banks of the Seine. Finally, everything having been prepared for their crossing the Channel, they quitted Rouen and reached Havre, from whence they embarked in an open boat, and were picked up by the "Argo," 44, Captain Bower, and landed at Portsmouth; and without encountering any further danger, Sir Sidney arrived in London with his secretary, as well as with M. de Phélypeaux, who could not prevail on himself to leave them.

Thus, after a painful and oppressive captivity, Sir Sidney Smith at last effected his escape, and returned in safety to his native country.

Respecting Sir Sidney Smith's capture, which led to the above-mentioned escape, the following particulars are related.

Cruizing off Havre, he took a French lugger privateer, which, by the influx of the tide, with her captors and their boats, was drifted a considerable way up the Seine, where he was obliged to remain during the night. In the morning the French attacked the lugger from their batteries, and four gun boats in the river, and, after maintaining an unequal conflct, Sir Sidney was compelled to surrender to the hands of the enemy. The remaining officers of his own ship immediately sent a flag of truce to Havre, requesting to know if their captain was wounded, and hoping that he would be treated with courtesy. The reply was courteous, and the promise of indulgence was given, but the subsequent treatment to which he was exposed exhibited a flagrant violation of all honour and good feeling. At first they confined him as a spy, and he appealed in vain to Bonaparte, who refused to interfere.

How Sir Sidney Smith bore this terrible ordeal will be shortly seen Were we writing a romance instead of a biography, the two years of Sir Sidney Smith's confinement would amply supply us with exciting materials sufficient for two volumes. Fears, hopes, despondency, even love, were all in their turn brought into play. When Sir Sidney was captured, he was accompanied by his secretary and a gentleman of the name of T——, who had emigrated, and was in constant attendance on Sir Sidney in the hope of serving the royalist cause. Thus suddenly and unexpectedly finding himself a captive in a country where he would be looked upon as a traitor and executed as a spy, the commodore arranged with him that he should assume the character of his servant; and so well did he act up to the disguise, that he was never suspected for a moment. He was called John, by his suppositious master, and Mr. T.'s assimilation of the menial proved to be perfect.

At Havre, Sir Sidney was treated with the most unjustifiable rigour, subjected to insult, taunted with being a spy, and threatened with a trial by a military commission. So obnoxious had he become by his activity, and the detriment he had been to his enemies, that they would have gladly hung him, had not the fear of retaliation prevented this mean vengeance. He was, however, a prisoner much too valuable to be permitted to remain so near the sea-coast, and the French government accordingly ordered his removal to Paris. In that metropolis, he was at first confined to the prison called the Abbaye, and with his two companions in adversity, kept under the most rigorous surveillance as well as the closest confinement.

In this situation his mind was constantly devising the means of escape. The window of their common sitting room looked into the street, and this circumstance the three captives felt certain would, sooner or later, assist them in their plans.

Whenever there is anything remarkably dangerous and remarkably chivalrous to perform, (the usual deeds of war excepted,) we are sure to find woman the principal agent. Three ladies, who could see the prisoners from the windows of their apartment, by the blessed feminine intuition immediately took a lively interest in their fate. Their ingenuity kept pace with their generous sympathy. They rapidly learned to exchange intelligence with the objects of their solicitude by the means of signals, and a regular correspondence immediately ensued.

So unceasing and lynx-eyed was the vigilance to which every action of Sir Sidney Smith was subjected, that he was forced to adopt a very novel sort of telegraph, wherewith to communicate with his fair correspondents. It was the catching and destroying flies upon the different squares of glass that admitted light to his apartment. Thus several minute lives were sacrificed, before the imprisoned hero could well rid himself of a single idea. We have read of the great waste of fly life for the amusement of a Roman emperor, but the necessity of this wholesale slaughter on the part of the gallant Sir Sidney must form his apology.

These ladies made the proposition themselves, to do all that lay in their power to aid them in their escape; an offer, we may be sure, that Sir Sidney accepted with an eager gratitude, and they instantly began operations in his behalf.

All their little expedients, however, failed; and although John, the simulated servant, became a great favourite, made love to the governor's daughter, and had his wife in Paris exerting herself on his behalf, every attempt at escape was frustrated by the vigilance of the goalers.

One day, as Sir Sidney was dining with the head goaler, this keeper perceived that his guest regarded an open window in the room with all the wistful attention of one long imprisoned. Now this window opened on the street, and the gaze gave the keeper so much uneasiness, that it highly amused the commodore.—However, not wishing to give the good man who behaved so well to him too long a probation, he said to him, laughing, "I know what you are thinking of; but fear not. It is now three o'clock. I will make a truce with you till midnight; and I give you my word of honour, untill that time, even were the doors open, I would not escape. When that hour is passed, my promise is at an end, and we are enemies again."

"Sir," said he, "your word is a safer bond than my bars or bolts; till, midnight, therefore, I am perfectly easy."

This tells highly for both parties—nor is this all. When they arose from table, the keeper took Sir Sidney aside and said to him, "Commodore, the Boulevard is not far off. If you are inclined to take the air, I will conduct you thither." This proposition struck the prisoner with the utmost astonishment, as he could not conceive how this man, who, but lately, appeared so severe and so uneasy, should thus suddenly come to the resolution of making such a proposal. He accepted it, however, and, in the evening, they went out. From that time forward, this mutual confidence always continued. Whenever the distinguished prisoner was desirous to enjoy perfect liberty, a suspension of hostilities was offered until a certain time, and this was never refused by his generous enemy; but, immediately the armistice terminated, his vigilance was unremiiting. Every post wast scrupulously examined, and every fitful order of the Directory, that, at times, he should be kept more closely, was enforced with a rigid scrupulosity.

In the year 1831 the King of Denmark had caused a gold medal to be cast, to be given to the first discoverer of a comet not visible to the naked eye; and it is somewhat singular that this discovery took place only three hours previously to the king's death.

A well known rake sitting in Drury Lane Theatre, behold a pretty girl, and was very rude to her. The girl, however, appeared as if she could not or would not hear him; but as he became more bold and impudent, she at last turned round, and said with an angry countenance, "Be pleased to let me alone." To which the surprised and confounded freebooter could only answer, "Nay, do not eat me." Upon which the girl said with a smile, "Be not afraid, *I am a Jewess*."

MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 26th of March, 1840.

NONE.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

FRENCH.	Corvette Alcmene, 26 guns,
	Corvette Triomphant, 24 guns, Captain Penaud.
BRITISH.	Ship Actæon, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russel.
	Brig Camelion, 10 guns, George Martin Hunter, Lieut. Commanding.
AMERICAN.	Corvette Marion, 16 guns, Captain William J. Belt.
BRAZILIAN.	Schooner Liebre, 8 guns, Captain Antonio Santos.

MARINE LIST.

Port of Buenos Ayres.

March 21.—*Wind N. E.*

No arrivals.

Sailed, H. B. M's packet schooner Cockatrice, Lieut. John Douglas, Commander, for Montevideo and Rio Janeiro.

Passenger for Rio Janeiro, Señor Bartolemo Francisco Rigera.

Passengers for Montevideo, Mrs. Ferdinand Delisle and servant, Mrs. Benjamin Frazier, 2 children and servant, Miss Jane Brown, Miss Doherty, Mrs. Laprida, Miss Laprida, Mrs. J. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Duguid and servant, Miss M. Mackinlay, Señoras Trinidad Ladron de Guevara and daughter, Manuela Figueroa and daughter, Isabel Gimenes, Dolores Ferrades, Josefa Almeida, Genara Orzeto and A. M. Krema. Señores Joaquin Rezaval and son, Ignacio Galindes, José Satudate, José Sousa Diaz, Ambrosio Molino Torres, Bartolemo Freidas, Teodoro Reissig, Francisco Jaurel, Nicolas Ferrara, Martin Cavia, Lucio Garané, José Serro, Justo Gimeno, Lino Domingo, José Faudino, Mr. Robert Billinghurst and son, Mr. Francis Mohr, Mr. Leandro Shields, Mr. Robert Wilson, Mr. James Mooney, Mr. James Tweedie and others. In all 56, including servants and children.

March 22.—*Wind S. S. E.*

No arrivals or sailings.

March 23.—*Wind E.*

No arrivals or sailings.

March 24.—*Wind S. hazy, rain all the morning.*

No arrivals or sailings.

March 25.—*Wind S.E. foggy earty in the morning.*

No arrivals or sailings.

March 26.—*Wind W. S. W.*

No arrivals or sailings.

March 27.—*Wind S. W.*

No arrivals or sailings.

Shipping Memoranda.

ARRIVED AT MONTEVIDEO.

13th inst., Sardinian brig Lerca, from Rio Janeiro 1st inst., to Bujareo.

" Brazilian patache Oliveira, from Rio Janeiro 1st inst., to Costa.

" Brazilian brig Bonito Porto, from Rio Janeiro 2nd inst., to Costa.

14th, Bremen barque Leontine, from St. Ubes 25h January, to Bunge, Hutz & Co.

16th, Brazilian brig Pedro Segundo, from Pernambuco 26th ult., to Braga.

" Bremen brig Gottfried Monckin, from St. Ubes 24th January, to Zimmermann & Co.

" Brazilian brigantine Barcelo, from Rio Janeiro 7th inst., to Chaves.

17th, Swedish brig Wifsta, from Marseilles 29th December, to Duplessis.

Operations of the French blockading vessels.

21st inst. Blockaders beef boat (balandrita) arrived last night from San Juan, and sailed in the same direction this morning. The French brig of war which arrived yesterday, sailed this day to the eastward. A French brig of war arrived this afternoon from Colonia.

22nd. The last mentioned brig sailed again during the last night—she was not visible this morning. A French launch came in this evening from the N. E. A French armed whale boat was off the Convent of Santa Catalina about 1 o'clock to day, apparently sounding.

23rd. A topsail balandra was in sight at day break this morning to the eastward, with two French launches in chase of her. She gallantly held on for some time, notwithstanding that her pursuers kept up a constant fire upon her from swivel guns, and would probably have escaped, had not the wind lulled. She hove to about 6 miles from the shore, and was taken possession of by the French, to the infinite vexation of many of the spectators on shore, some of whom had bets upon the result.* She was laden with sugar, &c.

A French launch sailed this afternoon to the eastward.

24th. Two French launches and a whale boat were cruising last night off point Quilmes, and returned this morning to the outer roads. These boat cruisers have been somewhat on the alert of late, but with all their care they are often eluded.

25th. This morning opened with fog, and we are not aware if any of the blockaders boats were cruising.

The balandra captured on the 23rd, sailed this afternoon for Montevideo in company with a whale boat.

26th. The launch of the Triomphant and a whale boat were cruising last night on the Quilmes coast, and returned home, that is to the outer roads, early this morning. The launch after speaking her ship made sail for Martin Garcia.

27th. Two armed whale boats were cruising last night in the vicinity of point Quilmes, and returned to the outer road, this morning.

This day (28th inst.) completes the second year or 732nd day of the blockade.

Notwitstanding the many whale boats captured by the French during the blockade there is no lack of this sort of craft in Buenos Ayres, thanks to the activity of its *boat.*wrights, who in their 'little way' may vie with the giants of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness and Chatham. "This is the country," said a jovial countryman of ours, "for horses, beef and whale boats."

The Parliament of the United Kingdom was to meet for the despatch of public business on the 16th January. The session was expected from the circumstances of the times to be the most important that has occurred for many years. "After a quarter of a century of peace, (says a London Correspondent,) clouds are gathering East, West, North and South around the British Empire, and no one can divine the quarter whence the storm will burst; but come whence it may, or even from all quarters, we shall weather it should our helmsmen possess a spark of that firmness and patriotism which distinguished the patriotic Chatham and his son."

The 25th inst., (Lady Day) was kept as a close holiday in Buenos Ayres. The Brazilian schooner of war Liebre, was dressed out with flags, and fired three salutes of 21 guns each, viz:—at sun-rise, one P. M. and sun-set, in honor of the day. The weather was fine, and the Alameda had a number of lady visiters in the afternoon.

TO THE HUMANE AND BENEVOLENT.

The consideration of the following case of extreme destitution is most earnestly submitted.

The widow and 4 children of the late Mr. Thomas W. Reeves, many years Hide Inspector, are compelled by the most pressing necessity, to make a second appeal to the humane consideration and generosity of the Public.—The widow hereby returns her most grateful thanks to those friends, who so promptly came forward with pecuniary assistance to her late husband, when on a sick bed—and suffering also from the most painful and embarrassing circumstances, produced by the stagnation of trade. The malady under which her husband had so long suffered, combined with mental anxiety from the helpless situation in which he saw his wife and children, ended in death, in the month of August last. The widow has struggled since that time on the remains of the subscriptions, privately raised by her friends, and on the sale of what articles she could spare. After her husband's death, she removed into a small dwelling, and attempted to establish a juvenile school; but, although she gave this a fair trial, she never had more than 3 children under her care, and when these were withdrawn to be sent to other and free schools, she had to give up all hopes of obtaining support for her family by such means.

It is with the most painful feeling that the widow again solicits public commiseration.—If this fails her, she and her helpless children are indeed destitute. She therefore humbly hopes, that by the kindness of her friends, she shall be enabled to keep a roof over her head till a change in the unfortunate circumstances of the times may enable her to support her family by her individual industry.

For further particulars of this distressing case, the public are respectfully requested to apply to Mr. John Whitaker, No. 65, Calle del 25 de Mayo, who would be happy to receive any donations or monthly subscriptions of small sums. J. W., has already the names of 3 persons, who are willing to subscribe to a monthly fund for this distressed family, till something better can be done. It is presumed that a sufficient sum for this object may be raised in small monthly sums, without being seriously felt by any.

* A *paisano* acquaintance told us that he witnessed the chase from his cart on the Quilmes coast, and was so taken up with the matter, that he neglected his driving and got upset in a slough, which mishap and seeing the balandra pelted and captured without return, so incensed him that he railed against France and Louis Philippe; and quaintly demanded of us if there was not sufficient justification for so doing.

MAUVAISE HONTE.—The American ladies, as Mrs. Trollope has so graphically explained, are exceedingly delicate as regards the utterance of such words as "shirt," &c.; the following is no bad specimen of this really *mauvaise honte*:—"Pray, Miss Sophia, what are you making?" said Dr. R. to a young American lady, who was at work upon a garment of a certain description. "A Sophy cover, Doctor." "I never knew a better *shift* in my life," was the reply.

American Paper.

At a shop window in the Strand, there appears the following n tice—"Wanted *two* apprentices, who shall be treated as *one* of the family."

A countryman, giving e idence in a court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in *wedlock*? "No, sir," said he, "I was born in *Devonshire*."

Why is a waiter like a race horse?—Because he runs for plates and st(*e*)akes.

Advertisement.

WANTED.

A SHEPHERD. Apply at No. 47, Calle de la Victoria.

PRICES CURRENT.

Doubloons, Spanish	299	a	300	dollars each
Do. Patriot	299	a	300	do. do.
Plata macuquina	17½	a	18¼	do. for one
Dollars, Spanish	18¼	a	18½	do. each.
Do Patriot and Patacones..	18	a	18½	do. do.
Six per cent Stock... ...	55	a		do. per ct.
Bank Shares	*none*			
Exchange on England .. .	3⅛	a		pence per dol
Do. Rio Janeiro..		a		nominal.
Do. Montevideo..	18¾	a	19	per patacon
Do. United States	13	a		per U.S.dollar
Hides, Ox, best.........	44	a	45	dls.p. pesada
Do. country	38	a	39	do. do.
Do. weighing 23 to 24lbs	39	a	40	do. do.
Do. salted	33	a	34	do. do.
Do. Horse	14	a	15	do. each.
Nutria Skins	4¾	a	5¼	do. per lb.
Chinchilli Skins..	60	a	65	do. per dozen
Wool, common	11	a	13	do. per arr'ba
Do. picked............	26	a	27	do. do.
Sheep skins per dozen....	20	a	21	per 30lb.
Calf skins per dozen......	33	a	34	
Deer skins per dozen......	15	a	16	
Hair, long	80	a	90	do.per arr'ba
Do. mixed	40	a	44	do. do.
Jerked Beef	20	a	25	doperquintal
Tallow, melted....	16	a	18	do.per.arrb'a
Horns	250	a	400	per mil.
Flour, (North American)..		a	*none*	
Salt, on board..........		a	none	per fan
Discount	1¼	a		pr ct. pr month

The highest price of Doubloons during the week 300 dollars. The lowest price 297 dollars.

The highest rate of Exchange upon England during the week 3⅛ pence. The lowest ditto 3⅛ pence.

PRINTED AT THE MERCANTILE GAZETTE OFFICE, *No. 75 calle de Cangallo.*

Published every SATURDAY, at No. 59, calle del 25 de Mayo; where Subscriptions and Communications are received by the Editor.

PRICE,—THIRTEEN DOLLARS, (*currency*) PER QUARTER—Single numbers 10 rials.

GEORGE THOMAS, Responsible Editor.